Coming Home

by CherryWolf713

Summary: He had seen Storybrooke briefly in the Underworld but that
had been a twisted and dark hellish version. This version, this
place, the true Storybrooke, was much more colorful and bright and
alive. - My take on what would happen if Liam Jones got to come back
to Storybrooke with Killian.

Coming Home

He had seen Storybrooke briefly in the Underworld, after Killian had
shown up, altering their surroundings to fit his loss and sacrifices.
That had been a twisted and dark hellish version. But this version,
this place, the true Storybrooke, was much more colorful and bright
and alive.

And also a great deal louder, Liam Jones soon learned.

Cars honked. They moved and rumbled and flew past his eyes in every
color imaginable. Buildings stood tall right beside each other, lined
up to the light concrete that then meet up with the dark road the
loud vehicles traveled on. Lights turned on by just flipping certain
switches on walls, their magic not limited to just those who
possessed such abilities.

("It's called electricity," Killian explain, his eyes bright as he
quickly informed his brother of all the other amazing wonders of this
land held, his little brothers' True Love's smile filled with
laughter at his enthusiasm)

There was so much to see, to learn, and Liam wanted to take it all
in, to know everything. How did the shower stay so warm? How did the
beeping box cook his food so quickly? What were those things people
were constantly holding up to their ears?

(Young Henry tried to explain this one, calling it a phone, but that
lesson got postponed fairly quickly when Liam felt the need to throw
it when he accidentally made it exclaim in a fit of bells and

whistles)

Settling down on the bunk in the Captain's quarters, Liam let his eyes roam over the familiar walls and furniture. Not much had changed on his Jewel (except for the bloody name. The Jolly Roger. What was the Lad thinking when he came up with that…) and he wouldn't be able to deny that he had dearly misses her.

A knock came swiftly to the door and Liam stood as Killian walked in, his eyes trained on the bag hanging from his hook (a hook. His dear brother was missing his hand and Liam was still unclear on the circumstances but the raw pain in his heart due to hearing and seeing all the tragedies his family had endured ate at him deeply)

"I have some new clothes and other provisions," Killian started, lifting his eyes before going silent, his Adams apple bobbing as he swallowed thickly.

Concerned, Liam stepped closer. "Brother, are you alright?"

Killian nodded slowly, taking the time to blink and cough before finally answering him. "Aye. Everything is perfectly alright. I...I just never thought I would get to see you standing in this spot every again."

Liam smiled and nodded, also finding himself at a loss for words. He knew the feeling himself, his body vibrating with nervous energy and excitement. Looking around the captains quarters once more, he finally asked, "You've lived on this ship for quite some time now, haven't you?"

"Aye," Killian answered. "She was all I had for some time, my only home."

Liam watched as his brother took in the room, his blue eyes fond but yet filled with a deep sadness. Making a quick decision, Liam sighed. "I don't wish to make you abandon your room. I can stay in the crew's quarters."

"Rubbish," Killian told him, dropping the bag he brought in on the table, the sound reflecting his brothers' definitive tone. "You will do no such thing."

"Killian. This ship has been yours for centuries. I won't take her away from you," Liam told his brother, hoping his voice sounded as steady as he wanted it to. The Jewel meant quite a lot to him, but he could never make Killian give up his home just because he was suddenly back in the land of the living. The thought didn't sit well in his stomach, the churning of the boat being mimicked in his body.

Refusing to meet his eyes, Killian watched carefully as he started to empty the weird black bag. "This ship belongs to us both, the Jones Brothers. You'll stay in this room and I'll hear nothing more on the subject. Besides," Killian added after a brief pause, his voice oddly serious, "I have a another home now."

Watching the red tinge cover his brother face, Liam couldn't help but grin, his stomach going still after Killian's proclamation. "And how is the lovely Sheriff and her son?"

"They're perfect," Killian whispered, his eyes singing and Liam knew his brother had finally found his true home, his true love.

"I'm glad," he told him sincerely, coming closer and placing a hand on his shoulder, giving it a squeeze. Killian smiled in reply, once more continuing his earlier task of unloading the bag. He watched his brother for a few beats, smiling widely when Killian reached up and scratched behind his ear, clearly giving away his discomfort at his brothers stare.

Taking pity on him, Liam looked away and focused on the items now covering the table top. Picking up a strange pair of blue pants, Liam fingered the rough material and frowned. "What in the realms are these?"

"They're called jeans and they are what most people wear in this land. You'll get comfortable in them eventually," Killian explained.

Eyeing the gleaming metal teeth at the front of them, Liam grimaced, thinking of the damage that could cause to a certain delicate place on his body.

"I think I will stay with my own pants for now, Little Brother."

"Younger Brother," Killian corrected him automatically and both Jones smiled, their blue eyes lighting up at the old argument.

"Aye, younger it is," Liam said softly, his eyes feeling moist.

Storybrooke may be a very strange land, but it was where his brother hailed now and it was where Liam would stay.

He was finally back home.

End
file.